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APRIL, 1947

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

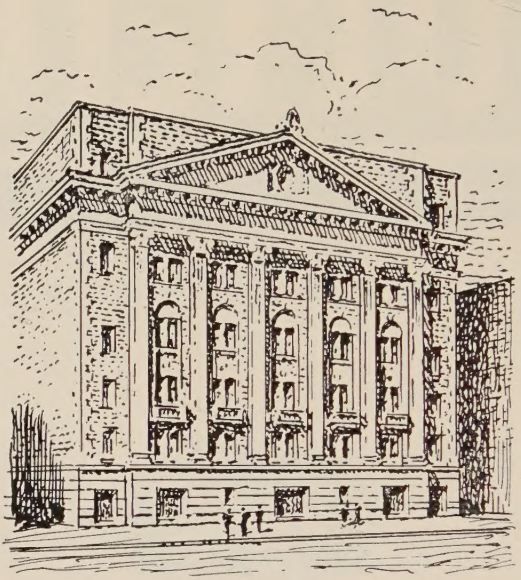
Dr Bradley

The Birth of the Flowers

God spoke! and from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green—
He smiled, and there were flowers.

MARY M. FENOLLOSA

(From "Quotable Poems"
Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **April, 1947** *Number 1*

APRIL AGAIN!

VERNA SHEARD

April again! the willow wands are yellow,
Rose-red the brambles that the passing wind knows,
Comes a robin's note like the note of a 'cello,
And across the valley, the calling of the crows—
"April again!"

April again! and the marsh birds swinging
Over the rushes that belong to yesteryear;
Silver shines the river, and young lips are singing
Songs as old as Eden—as old and as dear;
"April again!"

April again! with a wet wind blowing,
And along the western sky a pathway of gold;
Sounds a call to follow the road we're not knowing,
A new road—a wild road—o'er fairy-lands unrolled—
"April again!"

April again! with its wonder of gladness,
April with its haunting joy, and swift-stinging tears—
Month of mist and music, and the old moon-madness,
Month of magic fluting, the spirit only hears—
"April again!"

TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD!

April first, twenty-three years ago, "The Liberalist" made its bow to the world, and continuously since that time has tried to reflect the vision and spirit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Each issue contains a sermon, an editorial, book chats and various other articles by Dr. Bradley, and a Radio Mail Bag by Grace Thayer Bradley. The number of our subscribers has steadily increased and the little magazine travels across the country and even abroad into many foreign lands.

We deeply appreciate the friendship and loyalty of our readers in subscribing to the magazine and are grateful for their cooperation. Some subscribers have been with us from the very first. Many are new. Every member of the church should be interested in subscribing to this organ of our church, and in introducing it to his or her friends.

To all we pledge ourselves to try to improve month by month and to make The Liberalist a worthy voice of the church we love and serve.

If you are not a subscriber, will you kindly send one dollar and a half to the business manager, May H. Harrison, The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, and the magazine will be mailed to you each month for one year, or to any friend to whom you might wish to present a gift subscription.

Please accept our thanks for your helpful cooperation, your kindly letters and all the encouraging things which you have said and done. The Editors.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue
35th Year

Sunday Morning Service..... 11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Sunday Evening Service Closes for the summer with Easter Sunday, April 6th..... 7:30 o'clock

Sunday Evening Services Resumed November 2nd

Church School of Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.

* * *

EASTER SERVICES

9:00 a.m.—"Art Thou the Gardener?"
11:00 a.m.—"Truth Triumphant"
3:30 p.m.—"Upon This Rock"
New Members Received and
Dedication Service for Children
7:30 p.m.—"Eternity in the Heart"

Loudspeakers installed for overflow congregations
2100 Seats available—All creeds and races welcome

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
close for the season with the March series
Book Lectures re-open November 5th, 8:00 p.m.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WLS—Every Morning at 9:25 (Monday through Friday), ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U. S. and Canada. "Hymns of All Churches" Program

WGN—Every Evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

"FANATICISM OR FERVOR IN RELIGION"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

"MOST of us have, I think, great admiration for a person of fervor, a person who indicates that, whatever they have given their life to, they have done it with enthusiasm. We are attracted to vitality, and vitality is a contagious attribute; we like to be with people who are vital. Naturally we gravitate toward the personality who indicates a vitality and enthusiasm. Being enthusiastic and having fervor for a cause, for a church, for a political party, for a nation, for the world, is surely one of the great virtues of life, and just as we like people who are filled with fervor and are enthusiastic about life so most of us are irritated by the type of fervor which gradually degenerates into fanaticism, until one of the problems which every person has, who is by temperament enthusiastic about life and about what he is trying to do, is to keep this side of fanaticism, for fanaticism is quite another matter than fervor. Probably of all the concerns and activities that require and demand attention from people, there is no field where fervor is more beautiful and more efficacious than in the field of religion, and there is no field where fanaticism has any wider sway.

It is interesting to observe that in those personalities who have had what we speak of as a "personality upset" so that they are unable to keep a synchronization and stabilization of life's interests in proper balance and proportion, the sphere of religion has been in the background of their personal inner maladjustment more often than any other one thing. People become more easily fanatical, and develop fanaticism at its worst, in the sphere of religion more than in any other sphere of human activity. That is paradoxical, for religion at its best is a unifying influence both in the personality and the relationship of the person to society. Religion fundamentally and basically is a unifying attribute, and if it does not unite people into a better understanding and deeper appreciation of the power and potentiality of life, then it seems to me that it is far beneath the dignity of even being called a religion. When a person becomes so one-minded in their attitude toward religion that that one-minded attitude becomes a closed mind as well, then we have the beginning of an irritating fanaticism. Those are the people who down thru the ages have gone off on tangents; they are the people who have developed a conception of what they consider to be religious truth and have felt that all other efforts for the expression of religious truth were wrong, and they alone were right, and therefore they have originated the struggle and inspired in society many different sects, many different kinds of churches until Protestantism today has more than 300 separate individual organized religious institutions, and the same is true of many of the historical religions of the East and West.

All of this inspired Doctor Peter Ainslie of Baltimore, a very great heart and a very fine mind, to write a book which he called "The Scandal of Christianity" in which his thesis was that this scandal consisted in diversity and not in unity. And we must say,

though we say it kindly, but nevertheless it must be said, that when religion in any area, in any church, develops to the fanatical stage, then it immediately ceases to possess the fundamental truth of religion or the spirit of Christ. Any religion which is not permeated with that fundamental basic understanding, is a religion it seems to me, which is as far removed from the spirit of Christ, which is the impregnating power of the Christian religion, as any religion possibly could be.

The fanatic always has a closed mind. The fanatical type of religionist is always opposed to any effort to discover new truths. The person who ripens into a fanatic in his religion is a person who has reached that rather tragic stage whereby he is satisfied within his own mind and heart that there is no more illumination of truth available to the world. The fanatic is the one who says, "The last word has been spoken, the last revelation of God has been given." Remember that truth is never something which is created; truth is always something which is revealed. Man does not create truth; God is the origin of truth, and the intellectual limitation of man's mental world down thru the centuries was such that man found it necessary to open up areas of life that were inspired by repeated revelation of truth. Truth comes by revelation, by discovery, not by creation. That is why we can speak of truth as being eternal and as being a part of God. You remember that incident in the life of the Master when Pilate said: (and some interpreters have thought of Pilate's remark as a remark that had irony, but I have never accepted that understanding) "What is truth?" Pilate meant it. Pilate's spiritual imprisonment prevented him the liberty which a spiritually discerning soul would have immediately recognized, or he would never have asked that question. He would have witnessed the revelation in his presence, for that personality uttered that great truth: *"I AM THE WAY, I AM THE LIGHT, I AM THE TRUTH."*

Down thru the centuries as man has developed his scientific understanding of the cosmos and gone on from invention to invention, evidenced in his mastery of a mechanical, pragmatic universe, man's spiritual nature has not maintained the same alacrity of development as has man's mechanistic world and that is the tragedy! To me, there has never been a conflict between true science and true religion. There is no antagonism basically between science and religion. To me the argument never existed, the controversy was never real. Science is but the effort of experimentation to establish and classify facts of the physical cosmos. That is science. Religion is the struggle of the soul of man to ascertain, thru comprehension and unity, the understanding and will of God. Both deal with truth. While there is a scientific truth and religious truth, remember *THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUTH! TRUTH, WHETHER APPLIED IN THE FIELD OF SCIENCE, OR IN THE SPHERE OF RELIGION, IS FUNDAMENTALLY AND BASICALLY ONE IDENTITY!*

It does not require very great argument from anyone to see that as the mind of man attempted to come to terms with the physical universe, of which man is a part, that he should have progressed equally, *EQUALLY*, with an effort of his spiritual assimilation and association with the same universe. If man had, do you think there would be any controversy in the world today about atomic energy, or who is going to control it? Of course not, for atomic energy would have had only one concern in human society, and that

would have been to apply the ever increasing knowledge of the force of atomic energy for the well being of society.

Man would not be thinking of using the atom bomb to kill his fellowman, he would be thinking of using the *ATOM OF GOD TO HEAL AND HELP HIS FELLOWMAN*. It is not to decry science or scientific development, but it is that man has not kept himself spiritually sensitive to the power of the atom of God, for the basic structure of the universe is *ONE ATOM—O N E!* When man thru his illumination and thru his continuous development becomes more spiritually sensitive and more spiritually aware of his responsibility and obligations, and will take control of national relations, he will supersede the blind who are trying to lead the blind in diplomacy, and be able to build a world. There is nothing whatever that is wrong with science! Nothing! But when the mechanistic type of mind in religion says "We have discovered and we know all truth, and here it is, there is no more"—that type of mind is deliberately responsible for the tragedy that it cannot see because of its own blindness.

There is more truth to come from God than the world has ever known. I am convinced that in the next 25 to 50 years man will have so elevated the sensitiveness of his consciousness that he will have the concept of God which compared with today and the petty limitations of outgrown theologies and old traditions, if we, of this generation, were able to be there in that generation, we would be amazed at the progress man will have made. *NO! THE SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION, THE REVELATION OF GOD IS NOT SEALED! WE DO NOT HAVE NOW THE FINAL BIBLE; THE BIBLE OF THE RACE IS STILL BEING WRITTEN!* We have not touched the final revelation! God will reveal increasingly, increasingly, increasingly more of Himself to the understanding of men, and as that revelation increases the fanatic in religion who is circumscribed by dogmas and imprisoned by ecclesiasticism, will receive a revelation of God which will continue, and continue, and continue until it will touch the heart of the world and you will see then that the acute disasters and critical problems of poverty, of economic distortion, of industrial iniquities, of racial hatreds, the little, petty international jealousies, the sophistry of something called "Sovereignty," will be replaced and there will be greatness instead of bigness and there will be a gradual refinement of man's understanding of spiritual values, until with the constant revelation of truth man will create a beautiful world.

You cannot stop it. The individual who says "We know all there is to know; we have all the revelations we need; we have all the divinity, all the deity" is all wrong:—we have not even started. Just as man in the last 10 or 15 years has touched a power in the universe that, while we have been dreaming of this power for ages, no scientist ever yet even intimated that finally he might hold that power in his own hands. Well, he has!

So it is with the counterpart in the world of the spiritual. Professor Henry Drummond in his great little book "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" tells us that there is no natural law in the world of Nature that does not have its counterpart in the world of the spirit. There is a spiritual atom law just as much as there is a physical atom law. Man will discover that atom law. It will not be discovered by the closed mind; it will not be discovered by the mind who runs away from study, and science and experimentation; it will

not be discovered by the man who says: "This is the truth; there is no other truth; and if you do not believe this truth then you are wrong." He will not find it, he is in the prison of antiquity; but out in the great field of intellectual and spiritual development there will be minds that are not circumscribed by fanaticism, but take the sweep of the cosmos in their consciousness; who are not conditioned by the petty controls of mediocrity nor inspired by the tragedy of illiteracy; as Robinson said in the cabin of the Mayflower at the time of the pact, "More light, more truth will break forth upon the world than we have yet known!" That is true. More light, more truth, more beauty than we have ever known!

Why limit God? Why limit spiritual development within the confines of set edicts and institutions? Why limit your own personality? Why limit truth? Why limit God? Why not grow more sensitive, more responsive to the truth, the eternal truth, that man will never be quiet until he has worked thru, in the revelation of God, to a deeper truth than any mind now conceives? That is religion at its highest; that is religion at its best. It needs no props, it needs no law, once under the imperative of the principle of progress. God is not static! Religion is not something that WAS; religion is something that IS, and when the sensitive soul of man finds more of the revelation of God, he will do something about all of his problems. He won't repeat the same old emphases, he will not be surfeited with the same old traditions; he will be finished with our ideas of hate and bigotry. The supreme power of God, the intellect and personality of Christ, indicates the potentiality of man.

What do you think Jesus meant . . . and I wish some religious fanatics would preach on it . . . what do you think Jesus meant when he said: "Greater things than I do shall ye do." What do you think he meant: "Greater things than I do shall ye do"? Was Jesus limited? Never! Was He circumscribed by limitations? Never! NEVER! He had the sweep of the eternal, the sweep of God, and he saw the travesty and tragedy of man limited, man bound, man imprisoned by economic, political, national laws; he saw a world that could be free, a humanity that could be free—that's what He saw, this Christ, and if you and I and the world could see it, Ah, it would be the beginning of the Kingdom, the beginning of the Kingdom. Let's try it. Let's try it. It will take you out into areas you have never been in. It may be very costly to you, it may break your heart for a while, but it will be beautiful, an *UNLIMITED GOD, AN UNLIMITED CHRIST, AN UNBOUNDARIED WORLD, GOD'S WORLD!* New truths! New revelations! Mean what? *A NEW DESTINY!* Let's have the courage to do it.

A ship not long ago was wrecked on the east coast in a particularly dangerous spot. It was a coastwise ship with human lives on it, and it was a terrible night, snowing, bitter cold, high winds, and the Coast Guard picked up the call. The wind was off-shore, blowing from the land toward the sea. An old Coast Guard Captain, who had faced many a storm, called out the crew to launch the ship, and a young lad with the early inexperience of responsibility said, "Captain, the terrible gale is blowing off-shore. We might go out, but we never could get back to land!" And the Captain looked at him and said, "We are going out, we MUST go out; we don't have to come back." That is the courage the world needs.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

HOW long has it been since you sat down and asked yourself the question, "What am I standing for?" Whether there is a conscious creation of an objective or not, whether you mean to stand for it or not, you are standing for something.

When people express an opinion about you, what will they say, if they give their judgment based upon the things for which you stand?

Let me know what a person stands for, in politics, in religion, in every department of life, what they stand for as a father, as a mother, an employer, an employe—let me know what represents the real solidarity of a person, the thing they stand for, and I get a pretty good appraisal of that person's character.

Most of us have lived through periods when we might have said that everything was rosy, everything was fine and lovely, and we all enjoyed it; but I think it gave lots of people fatty degeneration of the soul because that can happen. One of the dangers of prosperity is that it is likely to corrode the soul, for that is not a time when the necessity exists for standing for something that might develop the finest strength of character. Strangely enough, it is in difficult times—"the times that try men's souls"—that there are opportunities for great strengthening of men's characters.

I think a story that influenced me almost more than any other that came into my life, was an incident that happened a long, long time ago. He was the son of one of the richest, most socially secure families in the City of Boston, a brilliant graduate of Harvard University, had everything in the world, social position, financial security, ease, enjoyment; life was a beautiful thing, without any disturbances, without any storm. One day this young man stood looking out of the window of his Boston mansion, one of the most beautiful of the Beacon Hill mansions, and a mob of people were going by, dragging another man, with a rope around his neck. And this young man looked at that scene, turned, walked out into the hall, put on his coat and hat, and went out and faced that mob, and Wendell Phillips became a great apostle of freedom, for the man they were dragging through the streets was

William Lloyd Garrison! This young man of refinement and culture raised his voice in behalf of the poor, the enslaved, the despised of the earth. He stood against slavery and electrified the North with his eloquence and power. He need not have done it; he could have remained safe and secure, but he could not. Something in his soul revolted and rebelled against injustice and cruelty and unkindness, and the name of Wendell Phillips shall live as long as history lives. As a young man, he stood for something!

I quote a verse from Angela Morgan's poem, "Stand Forth":

"Stand forth, my soul, and take command.
'Tis I, thy master, bid thee stand.
Claim thou thy ground and thrust thy foe,
Plead not thine enemy should go.
Let others cringe! My soul is free,
No hostile host can conquer me.
There lives no circumstance so great
Can make me yield, or doubt my fate.
My soul must know what kings have known.
Must reach and claim its rightful throne—
Stand forth, my soul!"

(From "It Can Be Done," an anthology by Morris and Adams)

P.B.

WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

THE other noon I was speaking at a luncheon called by leaders of various churches for the purpose of helping in the clothing drive which is being made by the churches of America. Preceding me on the program was a gentleman who told a story I had never heard. Perhaps you have, and it may be a very old story. I wonder sometimes if there are any new stories anyway. It was pure allegory, of course, but the story was about a very wealthy woman who lived in a palatial home, surrounded by tapestries, fine linens, imported china, expensive bric-a-brac, and who indulged in every luxury. She died and went to the gates of Heaven, but to her astonishment there was no fanfare of trumpets when she arrived. An angel was chosen to accompany her to the home that was to be her permanent abode.

They passed down a beautiful street of indescribable grandeur and magnificence, of homes palatial and beautiful. Finally they came to a street of a rather lesser glamor and at the very end of the street was a humble little cottage. They turned to enter and the woman stopped and looked about with tragic disappointment on her countenance. The angel said to her, "This is to be your eternal home." "Oh, but," she said, "I have been accustomed to a mansion on earth. I had the most beautiful home on our street. I had everything; all that wealth could give me. I am accustomed only to the finest and the most expensive. There are many, many beautiful homes which we passed similar to mine on earth." "Ah," the angel said, "but we built your eternal home here out of the material which you have sent us from earth, and this is the best we could do with what you have sent."

I have thought of the moral of this story many times since I heard it. We do build our own future and our own eternal home. We are all builders. Sometimes I wonder if we do not expect too much as a gift and as a reward, and forget that we are building, con-

tributing, molding our future by what we do and are here and now. What we do for others is what makes happiness and success, not what we can take and hold for ourselves. I have never met a person in my life who was unselfish, thoughtful and considerate of others, who for one moment would admit that life was not worth while. The only people I have ever met who said it wasn't worth while were the people who were rapt up in themselves. Some very old words, but ever new in the truth they contain, were once spoken by the Poet of Galilee, when he said: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." P.B.

"OH, LORD! WEAR ME OUT!"

DURING some of my visits to the deep South, I have occasionally gone in to a religious meeting conducted by our colored people. I shall never forget one experience. The preacher, his spirit, his zeal, his sincerity, linger with me yet. The service was very colorful and most interesting musically, and all permeated with the spirit of sincerity and honesty. Toward the end of the sermon, the preacher raised his eyes upward, and clasping his hands tightly, he prayed, "Oh, Lord, wear me out; Oh, Lord, wear me out."

I can't think of a better prayer, for the highest effectiveness of life is found in service. Wear us out, Lord; wear us out. Think of all the business clubs, Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Associations of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Exchange and others, with their mottoes, their ideals and motives; and the meaning of it all is,—"Service;"—each trying to serve their community, their state, their nation. I shall never forget once, returning from Europe, when a fellow passenger on the ship was a man whom I had known rather well, and had met him first in the Adventurers Club here in Chicago, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador fame. We had an interesting westward passage that trip. It was a benediction just to be in his presence. The whole aura of his personality was inspiring. When our ship reached the Straits of Greely Island, off the coast of Labrador, our vessel slowed up, and out from the coast came a little ship, the "Strathcona." The Strathcona was Sir Wilfred Grenfell's own ship which he used in his ministry of mercy, a picture of which he drew on the frontispiece of his book which he presented to me. The Strathcona pulled alongside, the ship's ladder was lowered and Sir Wilfred left our vessel. As the little ship steamed away, her distinguished passenger standing on the bridge was cheered and cheered. The band on the deck of our steamer played the national anthem of his country, and the little ship cruised away among the icebergs until it became but a speck. Sir Wilfred was going back to Anthony, Labrador, where for thirty years he had given body, soul and mind to the ice-bound people. Ask Sir Wilfred what life means. He could answer you, for he found the meaning of life just where you and I will find it—not in selfishness, but in service. This ancient truth cannot be repeated too often. It is the very heart and soul of beautiful living.

P.B.

"THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD"

PERHAPS someone listening today will recall the story of the man who played God. It was made into a beautiful play in which that splendid gentleman, Mr. George Arliss, played the leading part. It is the story of a great musician who thrilled and inspired vast audiences. After the concert one night, in his dressing room, he had played for the king, who came to honor him. In the midst of the program, a bomb aimed at the king explodes in the room. The musician finds that the concussion has made him deaf. He realizes as he starts to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata that he cannot play a note.

All the glorious faith in beauty and in men that has inspired him, leaves him. He revolts at the cruelty of fate, that has robbed him of his greatest gift. He rebels, loses faith in everything, keeps close in his apartment, refusing to see or talk with anyone. As he paces his room he picks up some opera glasses, sad reminder of his former triumphs, and watches with bitterness the parade of humanity in Central Park.

Then one day, across the street, he sees a boy and a little shop girl, and with his glasses, reads their lips. He learns of their love, frustrated by the boy's serious illness. When he sees him say that the physician has prescribed a cure which will cost a large sum and then watches them as they pray together that the money will come, a thought strikes him. By a servant he sends the sum to the young people, with the word that God has sent it. By doing for others, by trying to help others, he soon finds a renewal of interest in life and faith in himself.

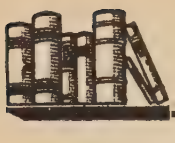
No man can work in the heart of a great city as I have done down through these years, and watch the panorama of shadow and light, laughter and tears, dreams and hopes, tragedies and comedies, without having his faith tried to the utmost. When one sees all about him wrong doing, selfishness, crime, injustice, it is sometimes a challenge. Every week of my life people come to me with their tragedies, but I still know that there is more good than bad in the world and for every man or woman who has gone wrong I will show you 100,000 who have had the same temptations and have gone right. Crime is news in this age of ours, but it is not all the news. Goodness is news, too, and we must never forget that the best news the world ever heard was the good news of the redemptive love of God.

P. B.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.



BOOK CHATS

A WOMAN who said she was giving a friend a book as an Easter gift asked me if I would suggest an appropriate book. I appreciate the confidence which she has in me in regard to books, and the first book I have chosen for this Book Chat is one that she or anyone could give for Easter or any other occasion, for it would be one of the finest presents anyone could receive.

Where in all the annals of American spiritual leadership can be found one to compare with Harry Emerson Fosdick? It is one of the most gracious memories of my life that I know this man, and now that he has resigned from his great pulpit, the Riverside Church of New York, as well as from his radio activity, and is devoting himself to writing, there will be millions who will miss his voice, but his fine thoughts will be available in permanent form. His latest book is the one I bring to your attention, the book entitled "On Being Fit To Live With."

There are people who automatically shy away from a book of sermons. There are those, and with justification, who believe that sermons are to be heard and not read. This may be true of many a lesser man, but not of Harry Emerson Fosdick. Nothing which Dr. Fosdick has ever said in his pulpit but what stands up on the printed page with just as much clarity, beauty, power, and fine literary distinction as it did when the words were spoken. His sermons do not read the way most people think sermons sound. They are not to be thought of in the same category at all. No man known to me in any denomination in this country possesses a finer literary ability, nor does anyone use his literary powers to say and write things which are of more value to the people of any faith, creed or race. This book, "On Being Fit To Live With," contains 25 sermons which have been selected from those heard during the closing two and a half years of his great ministry. It was during this period that the world and the nation oscillated between hope and doubt, fear and confidence. In this period the people ran the whole gamut from the depths to the heights, from the valley to the mountain top, and through it all there stood Dr. Fosdick, and out of his mind and heart, against the background of the great fundamental, moral and ethical principles of religion, gave the people inspiration and courage.

From experience I know that a minister can have no greater compliment than when someone says to him, "As I listened to you today, I thought every word you said was meant for me." That is the true ideal, for any great spiritual message; when we can walk up to a man and say, "You were talking to me; not over my shoulder, not over my head, not to someone around the corner, or up the block, but you were talking to me, right where I live." That is the finest and the highest compliment. Well, that can be said of every chapter in this book. Just listen to a few of them, and you will see what I mean. Of course the great chapter from which the book gets its name is the first chapter, "On Being Fit to Live With"; and another one is "What Does it Really Mean to be Great?" And again, "Take What You Want and Pay

For It." And one which did me a great deal of good, he calls "Our Difficulty in Forgiving Our Enemies." And another, "Finding Unfailing Resources." And a truly great utterance, on "Standing By the Best in an Evil Time," while his chapter on "Worshiping Things We Manufacture," is one all America ought to read. And again, a chapter on "The Constructive Use of Fear." Another one on "Catching the Wrong Bus." And then one which is one of my favorite themes, "A Man is What He Proves to Be in an Emergency." And still another, "Resources For Life's Mastery." And another "On Being Only a Drop in the Bucket." A great chapter he calls "Christ Himself is Christianity." And then one on "The Most Thrilling Rescue Story in the World," and he closes the book with what might indeed well live as one of the greatest sermons of this generation, one which he calls "The Eternal Victorious Over the Temporal."

A writer in the New York Times, in commenting on this book, said "The qualities that make his sermons good reading are his lucidity, his skill in the art of illustration and a gnomic flavor that spices his prose." What a refreshing experience it is to pick up a book like this, dealing with the conditions that came after the last war, and find an entirely different approach, a creative and hopeful interpretation, rather than so much of the cynicism and despair and defeatism that have been hurled at us from all quarters. Here is not one single moment of doubt as to the ultimate moral soundness of the universe and of mankind. Here is constructive, creative interpretation at its highest and best. It is not merely the idle prattle of an unrealistic approach, nor the verbal phraseology of conventional religion. Here are no words of doom, predicating complete failure and collapse of the decent things of the earth. Here is a confidence and a faith in the continuing power of the eternal mind and spirit. Here are no vain repetitions of outgrown phrases, mouthed by men whose very utterances betray their lack of knowledge of historical processes and understanding of the purposes of God for his world. I quote one paragraph from his great chapter on "Worshiping Things We Manufacture":

"Over the grave of Col. Patterson, who fell in battle in Italy, the Chaplain put as an epitaph, words that had been familiar on the Colonel's lips. At first he used them as a description of effective military strategy, but then seeing the deeper meaning in them, he took them as his philosophy of life. 'Always take the high ground and the enemy will flee.' Taking the high ground, giving ourselves with faith and loyalty, no situation can discourage and no disappointment defeat to putting first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. That is desperately needed, in our nations, our homes and personal lives." With humility and sincerity I say to you, I would rather have been able to write this book than any book I have read through the whole year.

* * *

I now bring to your attention a book of such charm and distinction I cannot find adjectives to describe its beauty and power. You will recall in 1943, Coward-McCann & Co. of New York, published one of the finest books in American literature. It was a book called "The Little Locksmith," by Katherine Butler Hathaway. It is not a book that makes a temporary splash and then disappears forever, but "The Little Locksmith" is a book of enduring qualities. It was a Book of the Month Club choice and received everywhere the very highest acclaim from critics and readers. The author, Katherine Butler Hathaway, died on Christmas

Eve, 1942, before her book was published and achieved almost universal acclaim, but she lived to see portions of it appear in three installments in The Atlantic Monthly. "The Little Locksmith" was to be one of three volumes which were to be largely autobiographical. It is a distinct loss to American letters that two of these volumes will never be written; but after the publication of "The Little Locksmith" the publishers and the author's brother, Mr. Warren H. Butler, who was also her literary executor, immediately started work editing her journals and her many-sided correspondence, and the result of that is the book I am now calling to your attention, called "The Journals and Letters of the Little Locksmith."

As the foreword says, "Katherine Butler Hathaway had a reckless appetite for life. Within the limits of her physical capacity, she was an artist, but the main medium of her art was not paper or pencil, but life itself. She was imprisoned at first in a fateful physical predicament. Her story is one of her continual battle to be free. At times of critical decision and action, she felt a strong sense of some inward force impelling her toward an unknown goal, and since she obeyed this instinct, her life, like a plant or tree, took on organic pattern and shape and grew around and over the obstacle. 'A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory,' said Keats, 'and few eyes can see the mystery of his life.' Katherine's was a life of such worth. Her eyes discerned its mystery. She believed goodness and happiness to be the same." In her book "The Little Locksmith" preliminary things were told, but the rest was left waiting. She intended the volume as an introduction to the tale of her Island years which were used when a desperate need drove her beyond the confines of the complacent life of her family to the heights and depths of experience, and changed everything that went before and everything that came after. Katherine had been confined by a rigid mechanical apparatus, which was designed to prevent the curvature of her spine from a tubercular infection.

It was not until ten years afterward that she was pronounced cured, and rose from her bed. She was never taller than a ten-year-old child. Her curvature was slight. Her head was handsome and low in relation to her shoulders. She never breathed or moved easily. She was one of the most sensitive and spiritually minded of all writers, and this book "The Journals and Letters of the Little Locksmith" is composed of the unfinished manuscripts, letters, journals and notes which she left. In one of the notes she wrote: "In telling the whole story, why not very simply tell the truth? Do not pretend to be better than I am—the arrogance of people who pretend, they are not human. This book will try to express Christianity and without malice, without revenge, the badness which is inside all of us. I have done bad things, and yet I am not a bad person. You see that I am a good person. What is the harm in telling these things? This is a plea for honesty and innocence. One has to break through with frightening honesty and innocence."

The book is arranged so that Katherine introduces herself first, by telling of her encounter with a Gypsy, which revolutionized her conception of honesty. She describes herself next as a person in love with a house. Then she goes back to 1912 and begins the contemporaneous account of events. And the concluding chapter includes beautiful Blue Hill scenes of flowers and the water, but it is chiefly valuable because it illuminates Katherine's spir-

itual destination. Katherine wrestled with truth as desperately as Jacob wrestled with the angel and cried out "I will not let you go unless you bless me."

All artists are fundamentally philosophers. Sometimes their art is the crystallization of their philosophy, and indicates the turmoil or certainty of their own inner selves. So it was with Katherine Butler Hathaway. In 1932, when she met Daniel Rugg Hathaway at a friend's home in Boston, a new chapter opened in her life. They married and went to Paris to write and draw, but it wasn't long before she felt a longing for America. She longed for the soil where her roots belonged, but she restrained herself and wrote a book called "Mr. Muffet's Cat and Her Trip to Paris," and with the proceeds returned to America, bought the brick house in Blue Hill, which she describes in "A Person in Love With a House." It was in this house that she wrote "The Little Locksmith." I would suggest of these two books which belong together, "The Little Locksmith" and "The Journals and Letters of the Little Locksmith," that "The Little Locksmith" be read first. "The Little Locksmith" tells the story of the mind of a young girl forced by fate to build her own world within reach of her two hands, and comes to triumphant conclusion with a book of such clear and tender quality, both in the writing and in its revolution of the author's personality that it becomes a landmark in creative writing. Neither of these books can be easily labelled. They are not like any other books I know. They are original and reveal how a lovely and penetrating mind, together with a carefully disciplined technique in writing can transmit to the reader the inner beauty, excitement and wonder of a most unusual and remarkable person.

Because something of the spirit of this author, Katherine Butler Hathaway, who had such a zest for life, seems to be bound up in this poem by an unknown author, which Thomas Curtis Clark has included in his "1000 Quotable Poems," I cannot resist including the poem in this Book Chat:

"Life owes me nothing. Let the years
Bring clouds or azure, joy or tears,
  Already a full cup I've quaffed;
  Already wept and loved and laughed,
And seen, in ever endless ways,
New beauties overwhelm the days.

Life owes me naught. No pain that
      waits
Can steal the wealth from memory's
      gates;
  No aftermath of anguish slow
  Can quench the soul-fire's early glow.
I breathe, exulting, each new breath,
Embracing Life, ignoring Death.

Life owes me nothing. One clear morn
Is boon enough for being born;
  And be it ninety years or ten,
  No need for me to question when.
While Life is mine, I'll find it good,
And greet each hour with gratitude."

WHY I DO GO TO CHURCH

"To say that I don't need the Church is mere bravado. I needed it when my father died; I needed it when we were married and when our babies were taken from us, and shall need it again sooner or later, and need it badly. I am in good health now, and I could, I suppose, get along very nicely for a time without the aid of clergyman, or choir, or even prayer; but what sort of man is he who scorns and neglects and despises his best friend until his hour of tribulation?

"The Church is accused of being constantly after money, and I fancy there is basis for the charge. A more liberal laity could wipe out this degradation.

"The Church is an earthly institution. It was built by men to satisfy their spiritual needs. It has been called the House of God, but it is really occupied by human beings, and suffers from every need of human habitation. God does not run the bills or pay them. Men put on the mortgages and men must lift them. Debts can be paid only with money, and money can only come from those who have it. Staying away from church will not lessen its indebtedness. It will only increase it. The difficulty, as I see it, is that now those who do go to church are carrying twice the burden they should. They are maintaining an institution for others who now profess not to need it, but who later will call upon it for help."

Edgar A. Guest.

HEART STRINGS

There is music in a garden
Gripped by winter, cold and stern,
The echo of a vanquished spring
And faith in its return.
A flaming cardinal darts by,
Bright harbinger of song,
Although his voice is mute today
I hear it, clear and strong.
There are valiant melodies
Unheard, unsung, which rise
Starlike, glad, triumphant
In brave, undaunted eyes.
Be grateful that your heart has strings
Which vibrate to such lovely things.

Florence E. Wright,
Editor, Lexington Unit-Journal, Lexington, Ill.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WITH this issue of The Liberalist, we celebrate our twenty-third birthday! The first number of our little magazine was published in April 1924. Twenty-three years is a long time the little paper has been filling its mission; rain or shine—come what may—every month in the year The Liberalist has to go to press. It finds its way into homes all over the United States and is mailed to several foreign countries.

It is a means of contact with hundreds of people whom we have never seen—of the radio congregation—and with many friends and members of the church who have moved away from Chicago and are glad for the opportunity to keep in touch with the church in this way. The Liberalist goes into many sick-rooms at home and in hospitals. We receive many a card saying how much cheer and enjoyment the magazine has brought. In this way, too, it has often made friends with people who are strangers to us and never had heard of The Peoples Church, by our readers passing their copies on to others when they have finished with them.

How well I remember the day, twenty-three years ago, when we received the first edition from the publishers! With what pride and loving excitement we looked it over, through and through—from cover to cover and at arm's length to eye its general appearance! So humbly it was begun those many years ago—and still humbly we offer it to you with the hope you may find some enjoyment in perusal—some helpful thought—a whispered comfort or cheer—and that you may read more—far more—that is between the lines than actually is printed there! Some subscribers have been with us from the very first, and many more are new. To all we would like to express our deep appreciation for their loyalty and friendship, for their kindly remarks regarding The Liberalist, and for generously bearing with its faults. There is a deal of love, sincere interest, and real work goes into even so small a magazine. We hope you will continue to like it and give us encouragement and inspiration by enlarging the scope of its influence. Send it to your far-away friends and relatives—it makes a nice little gift to carry your greeting twelve months in the year!

Will you join us in wishing "Happy Birthday" to The Liberalist with prosperity and success for many years to come!

* * *

And now we will turn to the mail bag. Lillian Bodene of Chicago has written Dr. Bradley a charming letter on a very attractive piece of stationery, having at the heading a bunch of violets engraved and hand illuminated, which inspired her to say "I want to brighten your morning with a little breath of spring." (We thank her for the letter on this lovely stationery!) Following is the letter: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Because there is so much tragedy and grief in this world, and because those of us with souls and hearts feel it so

deeply, I want to brighten your morning with a little breath of spring and hope it will start the day well for you. I was thrilled last night with your lecture on Louis D. Brandeis. You painted a picture of a truly great man, and in such a way that you ennobled yourself in the presentation. How sad it is that we have so few really great men in our world, and yet we often find them in unexpected, obscure places, doing their bit quietly, asking no glory or recognition, and inspiring those about them merely with their presence and greatness. You could not have felt the depth and nobility of a man like Brandeis, understood the inner spirit of such a man, and instilled your audience with your inspired vision of him, if you were not one of the great men yourself. I hope the years ahead will be kind to you and that you will be blessed with that rare gift—inner peace and contentment—which makes great men great, and enables them to carry on their fight for humanity."

* * *

There comes to my hand as I draw letters from the mail bag a friendly letter of appreciation for Dr. Bradley's broadcasts from Mrs. M. L. Roberts, of Evanston, who writes: "Dear Dr. Bradley: For a long time I have owed you a letter of gratitude for your daily broadcasts at six o'clock for Evans. Do we enjoy the book reviews? Do we listen? Indeed we do! You give us a daily 'lift'—my husband and I—you keep us set in the right direction. Your influence is undoubtedly reaching farther than you know, and you are doing an invaluable service in helping to bring about more generous attitudes, more resolute convictions on the part of untold numbers, all of whom must work together for good if we are to survive. May I add that your own vitality and apparent good health would indicate a perfect harmony of being—right living, high thinking, and self-command. Thank you for much inspiration."

* * *

This is quite interesting to hear that one living in California, who has tried to locate Dr. Bradley on the radio for ten years, has suddenly found him on "Hymns of All Churches" program! Mrs. H. A. Tidwell writes from Pasadena: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I have dialed so many times trying to locate your services I used to listen to when I lived in Chicago and for ten years I have failed; but Tuesday at 11 a.m. our time I tuned in to KECA for the program 'Hymns of All Churches' and I heard your voice and was so delighted, as your voice came over the air as clearly as if you were in the same room. My, how uplifting it was to hear such a wholesome talk. You performed the wedding ceremony for my granddaughter, Ruth Mitchell, in the Plaza Hotel eight years ago. Do you still broadcast your Sunday Services? If so, will you please let me know the hour, Pacific Time, and the station? We have told a number of folk about the KECA program so you have some new listeners. With appreciation, yours very sincerely, Mrs. Homer A. Tidwell."

* * *

A letter from our dear friend and church member, Mrs. Louise Clark, is most interesting in regard to the influence of our little paper, The Liberalist, bearing out the truth of what I said earlier in this chat. Mrs. Clark writes: "Last week I received a letter from my little Omaha friend. She's living in an old peoples home and is 84. You know I sent her The Liberalist subscription for Christmas. She wrote of a woman there whose arms and legs just keep growing. Her chairs have to be made, a nurse has to dress and undress her. My friend writes: 'She isn't very nice to look at but she is an intelligent

woman and so I carried my last Liberalist to her. The next day she called me and said, 'I have read from cover to cover and have derived much comfort from it. I sent fifteen cents to the Peoples Church and had a copy mailed to a handicapped woman I know.' When my little friend is finished with her Liberalists she places them on a table in their reading room for *all* to read if they so desire, and then she adds 'And so you see, my dear, through you I am rendering a real service by spreading love and encouragement and beauty through your dear Dr. Bradley.' I guess I'm something of a pest with my writing, but I know words such as these coming from afar, from these dear old people interested in Dr. Bradley and his work and receiving much comfort always pleases him."

* * *

Here is a very delightful letter from Mrs. Casebeer, of Clinton, Ind. I am sure everyone will enjoy reading it: "My dear Dr. Bradley: I am one of those millions who never write in to radio stations. I've threatened to many times, either in wrath or high commendation, but after ten minutes of 'cooling off,' the inclination is gone. However, after your Wednesday night broadcast I was determined to do something about it. Being an ardent bibliophile, I thoroughly enjoy your reviews, and I realize too how much time and study such things consume. I only have two objections to offer: first, their brevity; second, the fact that they help to keep me in a constant state of economic embarrassment! I have bought many of thé books which you have reviewed and not once have I been disappointed. Our house is small, my character weak when it comes to books and victrola records. As a consequence I'm about to be 'oozed' into the street. My cocker spaniel looks at me so reproachfully when he finds a stack of books in his favorite corner. I scarcely ever miss your broadcasts. I enjoy them all. There was one in particular some weeks ago which appealed to my husband and me—the one on dogs and birds. We love both! I have a feeding station for birds outside my kitchen window. It's been so much fun and such a time-waster, I might add. I've had, besides sparrows, starlings and bluejays, chipping sparrows, juncos, downy woodpeckers, cardinals, nuthatches, and this past winter a rose-breasted grossbeak. The station is about 12 inches square and well off the ground. I keep a baking powder lid filled with water, too. Sunflower seeds they all seem to like. Most of the birds seem quite tame. When I open the window to put out the food, they'll perch on a telephone line not over four feet away and come swooping down as soon as the window is closed. They don't seem to mind my standing there and watching them. Through four years of semi-invalidism books, music, birds, radio, and knitting have prevented me from becoming devastated by that most awful of all ailments — self-pity — and you have been a most important factor in helping me. My sixth major operation last spring, I think and hope has put me well on the road to complete recovery and attaining a very ripe old age. So thank you, and please don't stop. My economic status doesn't worry me too much, if only when I resort to the poor farm they'll let me have my radio and books."

* * *

With this we must close the mail bag. May the peace of Eastertide and warm spring sunshine abide in your hearts and homes. Don't forget to write.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR FEBRUARY

2—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
3—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
4—Radio address. WLS
Address. Machine Industries, Inc.
Radio address. WGN
Address. College Age Congress, Peoples Church
5—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
6—Radio address. WLS
Address. War Brides Tea
Radio address. WGN
7—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
9—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
10—Radio address. WLS
Conference re visit to Poland
Radio address. WGN
11—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Forum Fifth Ward
12—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Ramah Lodge, B'nai B'rith
13—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Greater Chicago Security Council
14—Radio address. WLS
Address. Equipment Manufacturers Association
Radio address. WGN
16—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
17—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination
Radio address. WGN
Address. Social Turner Hall
18—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Masonic Temple, Joliet, Ill.
19—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
20—Radio address. WLS
Address. Uptown Lions Club
Radio address. WGN
21—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
23—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
24—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
25—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
26—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Temple Emanuel
27—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Drug & Chemists Society
Radio address. WGN
28—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Lenten Service, First Methodist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

CHRISTENINGS

2—Frederick Charles Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Walter

9—Bonnie Jean Kober and Mary Ellen Kober, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kober

WEDDINGS

1—Richard Edward Kinkade and
Charlotte Virginia Ward

2—Perry C. Weisser and
Martha Lee

5—Robert H. Holmes and
Florence Garrett

7—Alexander Schneider and
Geraldine G. Gross

14—Garland F. Shaw and
Melba Farr

15—Harold W. Bohm and
Margarita Cardus

Louis Thompson and
Josephine Kasprzyk

18—Roy Rasmus and
Virginia Balzano

Jos. A. Mulkern and
Petra Halverson

22—Tom Kuhn and
Ann E. Fisher

25—Oscar B. Durfee and
Honora Martin

27—Michael Gordon and
Helen Tuttle

FUNERALS

4—Richard T. Robb

5—Margarethe Jensen

6—Caroline Haile

8—L. Arthur Passow
Mary Classen

12—Anna McLain

13—Lucia Jones

14—George S. Mills

17—Mrs. Alice Tucker

21—Mrs. Mary A. Speight

22—Warren Philebaum

23—Raymond Neindorf

24—Herbert Rommel

25—Mrs. Bert N. Custer
Mrs. J. M. Sipe
Madeline Frydl

28—Gertrude Laubinger
Frank P. Ross
George Mitchell

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)
April 14, 1:00 p.m., Mrs. John Powell, Chrm., Conservation Dept., will present Roberts Mann, who will give an illustrated lecture on "Conservative Conservation Education in Forest Preserve District of Cook County." Mrs. William Voss, Chrm., Gardens Dept., will present Robt. T. Van Tress, Horticulturist of Garfield Park Observatory, whose subject will be "Care of House Plants." Mrs. R. A. Pellage and Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Tea Hour Hostesses..... 1:00 p.m.
April 28, Annual Meeting and election of officers. Mrs. Paul Kanthak and Mrs. W. A. Roth, Tea Hour Hostesses..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMEN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, Anderson Hall)
April 7, Annual Meeting and election of officers..... 8:00 p.m.
April 21, a Musical evening featuring The Basslers..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)
April 28, "Your F.B.I." Hear the F.B.I. speaker of the evening and see actual moving pictures that take you "behind the headlines"..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB (Meets 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall)
April 22, the Ushers' Club Show. Watch for announcement..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB.
(Meets on notice) Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School. (Meets 2nd Monday each month, Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting April 14..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir.; 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766.
Drama Tea, first Sunday each month, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.
Membership auditions, second Sunday each month, 1642 N. Clark St... 3:00 p.m.
"Spotlight," second Tuesday each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
New production opens first Saturday each month. For details see page 23.

THE CHANNING CLUB (Meets every other Monday in Bradley Hall)
Joan Pink, Pres., 4608 Hazel St., Ard. 1482. All young people of high school age cordially invited to join..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187. (Meets every Thursday in Anderson Hall) Betty Boaz, Leader..... 7:00 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service..... 11:00 to 12:30 p.m.
WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations), Monday through Friday..... 9:25 a.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark St., Michigan 7766

* * *

APRIL PRODUCTION

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

by

Rudolf Besier

presented

Thursday evenings, April 3 and 17, and
Saturday evenings, April 10 and 24
at the Eleventh St. Theater
62 E. 11th St.

Curtain 8:30 p.m.

* * *

APRIL DRAMA TEA

Two One Act Plays

directed by

J. Bradley-Griffin

and

Marvyn Harbert

In Anderson Hall
THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Sunday, April 13, 4 p.m.

* * *

APRIL SPOTLIGHT

Jerry Schmal

will review

"New Orleans Woman"

by

Harnett T. Kane

Tuesday evening, April 8

Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church, 8 p.m.

* * *

May Attraction: "HAY FEVER," by Noel Coward

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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